

DE  
LA  
SOUL  
is dead



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Intro (Da La Soal Is Dead)"

Hello boys and girls. Welcome to your De La Soul readalong storybook!

When you hear this sound...

...that means turn the page.

And now we begin our exciting adventure of... De La Soul is Dead.

*[PLAYGROUND HONEYS:]*

- Oh my God, Vanilla Ice...

- He's so fly!

- The boy is so good.

- Did you see his body?

- He could dance too.

- He could.

- He's better than any rapper I ever seen!

- And plus his dancers!

- He's so jammin'!

*[JEFF:]* Yo, what's up?

*[HONEYS:]* Yo, Jeff, where you been, man?

*[JEFF:]* Guess what I just found, I just found a De La Soul tape in the garbage.

*[HONEYS:]* For real? Let's hear it!

*[JEFF:]* No!

*[HONEYS:]* Aww, be like that!

*[MISTA LAWNGE:]* What's up, cocksnot? How ya doing, buddy?

*[HONEYS:]* Cocksnot? You gonna let him call you that? Sucker!

*[JEFF:]* Leave me alone!

*[LAWNGE:]* What do we have here?

*[JEFF:]* Nothing!

*[LAWNGE:]* Listen, you little Arsenio Hall gum having punk!

*[HONEYS:]* Oooh! You let him call you Arsenio! Oooh!

*[LAWNGE:]* I want the tape!

*[JEFF:]* It's mine!

*[HONEYS:]* Oh, he played you! Jeff's getting played! Jeff! Jeff! Bodyslam him, Jeff!

*[LAWNGE:]* Now! I've got the new De La Soul tape! Hey dicksnot, buttcrust, get over here!

*[D.J. AUB:]* What's up baby?

*[MASE:]* Coolin'!

*[LAWNGE:]* I just got this De La Soul tape, man, slamming. Where's the box? The box!

*[MASE:]* So, yo, let's get with the shilsnihilsnobilsno!

*[AUB:]* I got the bidox, let's do this like Brutus!

...28. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected Grand Prize. Thanks, and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know  
You get 'em from my sister  
You get 'em from my bro  
All I is is man, and once an embryo  
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow  
Yes, I guess it's reflex  
Some have no control  
I'd rather let a laughter  
And tally, off I go  
Canoeing in the river or out into the O  
You just know we're not  
So not play the role  
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow  
Some shake your hand but  
(This is called the Show)  
I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'  
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore  
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour  
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure  
Where they arose, well nobody knows  
What do they mean, well here's how it goes  
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough  
You know who you are but they didn't know  
And now with respect they flex like a pro  
You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and  
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know  
They givin' oodles of O's and O's  
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know  
They givin' oodles of O's and O's  
And oodles and oodles and oodles of  
(OH!)

[POS:]

Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door  
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol  
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo  
Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o  
Chanters play the part of a herd at a show  
Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos  
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw  
Lunches of punches is what I bestow  
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks  
O's take the shape of medallions and specs  
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road  
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores  
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows  
Mase got something to say and it goes:  
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the  
Oodles of O's, yeah  
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know  
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's  
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the  
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know  
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor  
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow  
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho  
Charging barricades like a raging rhino  
The donuts come big and some in jumbo  
The Landlord is finished but before I go  
I'll give a shout out to Quest  
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

*[DOVE:]*

Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore  
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho  
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go  
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful  
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo  
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough  
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,  
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all  
We're selling O's and O's  
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles  
And oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store  
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all  
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store  
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all  
We're selling oodles and oodles...

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Talkin' Bout Hey Love"

(The radio is so clear in here.)

(Hey)

*[POS AND ANN ROBERTS:]*

Hey Love

Talkin' bout Hey Love

Wanna be your push and shove

Pop, popcorn up above

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

Discover all the football teams

Mack and eat jelly beans

Run in the cold with no jeans

Get yourself sick till we're seen

Catch the flu and make tea

How Dan Stuckie life will be

It's all about you and me

'Cause you're my Hey Love

(Hey)

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

(Hey)

*[TESHA STILLS:]* Look Pos, we gotta talk.

*[POS:]* Talk about what?

*[TESHA:]* Don't play stupid with me, you know what we gotta talk about.

*[POS:]* What?

*[TESHA:]* About you becoming fully dedicated.

*[POS:]* So we're about to go through these line-runs again, huh?

*[TESHA:]* You're damn right. I wanna know whatever you do for me has anything to do with love.

*[POS:]* Look, I come all the way from L.I. to the Bronx to see you, isn't that showing you love?

*[TESHA:]* You see that's just it Pos, I don't wanna be just your Bronx love, I wanna be your Hey Love.

*[POS:]* You wanna be my what?

*[TESHA:]* I said I wanna be your Hey Love. I mean it's just not the mood being one of the many girls on your list, and you wouldn't be dissing me like this if I was your Hey Love.

*[POS:]* Look, I do everything I can to treat you like a rose.

*[TESHA:]* Yeah but you even give better treatment to that girl named Selina from uptown like a Daisy. You even gave her some of your special donuts for free.

*[POS:]* So this is what this is all about, huh? Donuts.

*[TESHA:]* No, Pos, can't you hear the music, it's all about Hey Love

*[POS:]* I don't understand why you're dissing me, it's not like I'm Paul, I don't have two kids in every state.

*[TESHA:]* But you probably got two girls in every state.

*If you're not going to go about it the way I want you to, then just leave, 'cause I can't be so bothered.*

*[POS:] Yeah. [mumbled] And wit your wrinkled pussy...*

*(I can't be your lover)*

*(Where's that voice coming from? From... from nowhere?)*

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Pease Porridge"

*[SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul]*

- Yo, gee.
- Yo, word up, gee, man.
- Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?
  - Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.
- Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!
- Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
  - They ain't punks, man.
- Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.
- Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.
- Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then  
"Potholes", yo,  
then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget  
them faggots.
- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the  
leaders run up on them!

*[Background:]*

(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

*[POS:]*

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta  
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing  
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,  
The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring  
My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,  
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others  
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio  
And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers  
The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed  
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry  
But late, but lately loonies acting real bold  
Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry  
Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut  
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks  
Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue  
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

*[GOSSIP GLADIATORS: Lashawna and Jenette]*

- Yo, Miss Thing!
- Yo Merisa, what's up?
- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting,  
yo they was wildin'.
  - Word man?



- Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?
- Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.
- All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?
- The Violators.
- The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?
- Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

*[MASE:]*

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question  
 Can I? (Yes you can!)  
 Why do people think just because we speak peace  
 We can't blow no joints?  
 (I-I-I don't know)

*[GRANDMA MASE: Squirrel]*

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

*[MASE:]*

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked  
 And now it's time for some heads to get flown

*[DOVE:]*

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course  
 But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers  
 A picture, picture, picture, picture painted pink  
 Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick  
 But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm  
 I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm  
 I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity  
 And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat  
 I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons  
 And sip the Porridge deep into my system  
 So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode  
 Inside the studio or on a road  
 The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step  
 It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep  
 To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag  
 It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)  
 (Nine days old)

*[POS:]*

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music  
 Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow  
 Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball  
 Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up  
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups  
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade  
So we can throw our lemonade  
In their face and kick their little butts

*[FIGHT COMMENTATORS: Squirrel and Mikey Roads]*

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
- Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

*[Background:]*

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)  
(One at a time, touch together)

*[DOVE:]*

People wanna get ragged with the reruns  
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit  
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none  
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit  
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold  
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown  
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways  
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

*[THE FROG: Lisle Leete]*

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like.

*[JABIB: Jarobi]*

In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent, and we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are so violent. I don't understand, I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason (Live From The BK Lounge)"

*[DOVE:]*

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine  
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my identity...

*([Girl in background:] That's not funny.)*

So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince Paul?  
You're fuckin' us up, man!

*[PAUL:]* My playin's good, man!

*[DOVE:]* Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude interruption from our audience...

*[Background laughter]*

Here we go.

Oh Johnny

You got a bullet in your forehead, boy

Don't you understand, you dead

Buried six feet under the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

That's the noise he made when he got shot

But Johnny's still dead

Still dead

Thought about his mama

Thought about his father Josephine

Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

The last words said by Johnny

But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "A Roller Skating Jam Named "Saturdays""

(And rollerskates)

(And rollerskates)

(And rollerskates)

*[Q-TIP:]*

Girl meets boy on Thursday night  
Boy was high, girl fly like kite  
They hold hands until next day  
Boy then lets go, hit his way  
Boy rules butt, brags to his boys  
Erection brings bad boy joys  
Boy thinks of that big fat back  
Big black fat love, big black fat  
Girl calls boy to stand him up on Saturday  
Saturday

*[POS & Q-TIP:]*

Saturday, it's a Saturday  
It's a Saturday, it's a Saturday  
Saturday, it's a Saturday  
Saturday, it's a Saturday

*[POS:]*

Back once more with the wallop in the score  
Must I ride and rip, should I make you rock your hip  
Reviver of a roller-boogie in a rink  
And sure to make you think about the times  
To scope fun instead of fights  
(But diving from a piece of metal sure to take your life)  
Yo, slip your butt to the fix of this mix  
Toss that briefcase, it's time to let loose  
'Cause you've worked like heck to get the week in check  
So unfasten that noose around your neck  
Connected like a vibe from the wheel to the foot  
Come on everybody dig the funky output

*[VINIA:]*

Five days you work  
One whole day to play  
Come on everybody, wear your rollerskates today  
It's Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday-ay  
(Is the word, is the word, is the word)

*[POS:]*

Now as you pump your fist I reminisce  
To a bounce, rock, skate, roll  
Fess to impress  
Hey, pretty diamond, do you like the way I'm dressed  
Cool, keep the faith and be my mate  
'Cause all we need is feet  
(And rollerskates)  
But promote the hustle 'cause it keeps me thin  
No need to talk, look who just walked in

*[DOVE:]*

(Is there a Dred on skates?)  
Yes, man  
(So kick the wham on this jam)  
Oh Mr. Sprinkler, Mr. Sprinkler  
Wet me for one, Mr. Sprinkler  
I'm heatin' high-five in a daze, no split  
With a yawn I trip to the dawn  
Out comes the bodies following the one idea  
It's clear, rattle to the roll  
Hold back up the track, grab your rollerskates y'all  
And let's zip on by  
Zip-a-de-doo-dah, let's zip on by  
Feed on a weed and we're feeling high  
Sun is on thick and the cheese is rollin' quick  
Come on, there's no time to hide  
Season is twist, spinning and winning  
No hackysack, let let me in  
Spill on the bottom away, but it's okay, huh  
It's a Saturday

*[POS:]*

Now let's all get baked like Anita

*[Q-TIP:]*

Watch Mr. Lawnge, don't look at the peter

*[DOVE:]*

Feel on the fun, I'll feel on the

*[VINIA:]*

Hey, watch that!

*[DE LA SOUL:]*

It's a Saturday

*[VINIA:]*

Now is the time  
To act the fool tonight  
Forget about your worries and you will be all right  
It's Saturday, Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday  
Saturday, it's Saturday



# De La Soul Lyrics

## "WRMS' Dedication To The Bitty"

[SQUIRREL:] We've just played fifteen minutes of commercial free music.  
Of course you're listening to WRMS FM, and we  
play nothing but De La Slow music. We're coming up on the hour of ten  
o'clock. It's a full moon, and perfect night  
for lovers. We're about to do something we don't usually do, and  
that's... we'll I'll show you.

[BITTY:] Hello, hello, who's this?

[SQUIRREL:] Squirrel.

[BITTY:] Hi! Listen, I don't have a lot of time, my name's Mizuna, I'm  
on my dinner break from Burger King and I just  
called to tell you that I love your new radio station, I love  
everything you guys do.

[SQUIRREL:] Thank you. And with that, the next song is just  
for you. And when you go back tell all the Burger King  
honeys that if they want to call and talk to me, just call  
WRMS. See ya.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Bitties Tn The BK Lounge"

*[Part One:]*

Yo man let me make some Cpt. Krunch  
man alright  
Yo man we have any milk?  
Yeah, what time is it?  
I don't know, what day is it?  
Don't know, well I'll tell you.

Well it was a Wednesday  
me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry  
like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce  
and a glass of milk and some cookies.  
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo  
what we said - well what do you know  
this chick thought I was trying to play fly  
cause I had a pair of blue jeans on.

Young girl, won't you take my order?  
she said, "Yeah, but right now I'm kinda busy...  
can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger?"  
Lingering, I could tell  
she's a B-K mademoiselle  
Ripped uniform and bottom bell  
and some Jelly stuff on her sleeve  
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar  
could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour  
And then Boss Hog hollar  
"Girl you better make this quick!"  
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick!"  
I had an idea and lickity split  
took my hat off and that was it

Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said  
"Yeah now we'll see!"  
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized  
"Ain't you that guy?"  
"Aint you that GIRL!"  
"De La Soul, right?"  
"No Tracy Chapman!"  
"Why don't you come over to the counter; and write me out an  
autograph?"  
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh  
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph  
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed  
"What's the name of that song you sing?"  
"Living in a fast car," I said



Forget about the order I made  
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead.

*[Chorus: x2]*

Bitties in the BK lounge, All they do is beg and they scrounge  
Bitties in the BK lounge *[x2]*

*[Part Two:]*

*[F - female]*

*[P2 - Posdonus]*

*[F]* Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go  
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!  
*[P2]* Oh yeah, Now I recognize  
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes  
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?  
*[F]* Yes you can, but you can keep your lies  
cause you know you can't diss me  
but your pissing me off  
I know where you live and I know that your soft  
You're as booty as they come (booty?)  
and you dress like a geek  
my shoes cost more than you make in two weeks  
*[P2]* Look, you don't have to play fly in here  
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!  
But you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a BK tray  
By the way yo, here's yours  
*[F]* I know your just sweating me to kill the noise  
of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters  
Look at what you do all day but take orders  
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring  
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap  
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack  
*[P2]* Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school  
selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!  
With one hand that punk I could snap- the kid is so skinny...  
*[F]* But we be livin fat  
*[P2]* Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?  
Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor  
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill  
the smell that should have been left to Masingel!  
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet  
I got to much family to heed your threats  
*[F]* Are you a family man? (Word booty!)  
Well I shouldn't be surprized  
your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries  
*[P2]* Don't even try that shit!  
*[F]* Oh damn look! (What?)  
*[F]* Here comes one more  
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor  
Now give them a hand, its the BK clan

So you can't talk garbage about who I am  
[P2] well, arn't we living foul  
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?  
Ops I meant you sorry for the mix up  
but your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!  
[F] I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!  
(You'd better!)  
I think theres something you should understand  
I try to be nice and help the poor make money  
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!  
Now B-K workers is too damn rude  
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "My Brother's A Basehead"

(Make the bass come out so clear)

*[POS:]*

This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain is an undesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is, this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine  
We used to be down as partners in crime  
From our parents our name was forged  
I was the Beaver, you Curious George  
Wanted to dispose of this and that  
But curiosity had killed the cat  
At this age no wonder it was read  
But this was the fate that you were fed  
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste  
High off all the cheeba that we could taste  
Soon you had converted to nasal sports  
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort  
Told me that you needed a stronger fix  
Stepped to the crack scene in '86  
Unlike the other drugs where you had control  
This substance had engulfed your body and soul  
Now from me you lost all respect  
Said yo need to put that shit in check  
Wanted me to believe that you had tried  
But your mind and the craving had coincided  
Said there was a voice inside you that talked  
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk  
Now the brother who could handle any drug  
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

*[Background:]*

(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)  
(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

*[DOVE:]*

"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"  
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"  
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"  
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial  
Guess what? Time to collect, correct  
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time  
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"  
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?"  
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!

(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

*[POS:]*

Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine  
Started getting high at the age of nine  
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low  
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go  
My dividends and wares started to disappear  
Where it ended up, I had an idea  
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent  
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print  
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse  
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house  
From there a mother figure came into play  
Claimed for you she saw a better day  
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth  
Thought the only chance was to go to church  
Quitting this stuff you had tried before  
This time you claimed you'd really score  
Something I had to see to believe  
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

*[PREACHER (Squirrel):]*

My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people who used to care  
about what took place in the world today? I've been summoned here  
today to reach the people who still can be reached, to save the people  
who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen?  
Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over the world. All  
it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at? Them crackers that  
they serve, where they at?

*[DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS In background as choir:]*

Said evil's taking over  
Said evil's taking over  
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over  
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive us, Lord  
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us  
The Lord's gonna forgive us

*[POS:]*

Bullshit, didn't believe a lick  
To this fool fell off, well that would stick  
Soon you reach your front of calm  
Walked round by rehearsing psalms  
Then you smiled with the funky frown  
What do you know, the voice is back in town  
Mom would say it would soon go away  
You and I knew it was here to stay  
But the man helped you when you helped yourself  
That meant going to rehab for your health  
Finally it went and blew your cork

Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York  
And when my friends see me and come and ask  
"Yo, where's your brother at?"  
I'll be the first to splash  
"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)  
(- No.)  
(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)  
(- Who?)  
(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)  
(- Right.)  
(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)  
(- The one with the real nappy hair.)  
(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)  
(- With the glasses?)  
(- Yeah.)  
(- *[Background]* Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)  
(And kept goin'...)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Let, Let Me In"

(Ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah)  
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)  
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)  
(Let, let me in)

*[DOVE:]*

I got good news, I got eye witness  
Good news, I got eye witness  
Due in a hip lift, dead into my phenomenon  
Dazed with the quickness  
Sweat, one sweat, two sweat, three  
Motions, what motions? What could it be?  
She, she (watchin' you) who, me?  
Hon, Velveeta got your cut  
(Ain't no lockin' up now)  
Give the symmetrics to your bottom  
(Ain't no lockin' up)  
Shake less of that Catholic cool  
Push panic, the button, and freeze  
A's for Amen, J's for the Jenifa  
Oh Jennys, oh please oh please  
(Oh please oh please)

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

*[POS:]*

Force it like a motion, let me in to that  
Flower power child, let me in to that  
Let me sew your panic button, let me in to that  
I got the semen headlocked, you won't get fat  
Just lay, lay back, way, way, way  
The oops up, it's a clear Saturday  
We're selling my all-expense July paid  
By the way, what's your name?  
Just kidding, I know it's Renee  
No, it isn't? Word, word, well check it out  
Check, check it out  
I got my my mind made up, come on, get it  
Take a test, child  
And get with this Pos position  
From beginning to the Huckleberry Fin  
If I was to yodel, would you let me in?

Let, let me in, let, let me in

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

Pos got the skyrocket in his jeans  
Would you let me in if I was to sing  
Like a hookey-non-stop-reggae-roost-rasta-king  
Jimmy done starburst, know what I mean  
Jimmy done burst, gotta come clean  
Yo, Maseo, blow this scene

[MASE:]

Dip, dip, di, you're making me cry  
With that onion between your thighs  
Come give me some of that brown sugar  
So the sweets can make me active  
If I said you were attractive  
May I supplement with an additive?  
Hey, hooker let me hook you with my reel  
Take you to the crib, cook up a real meal  
Skip the meal and walk this way  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
Come on into my room, here we go  
Here we here we here we go  
(Boom!) Did you feel the bed break?  
(Boom!) Did you feel the floor shake?  
(Boom!) Did you feel the earth quake?  
(Boom!) Now, quick, do you wanna take a break?

Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in  
Let, let me in, let, let me in

(What's this?)  
(What?)  
(In your pocket, that bulge?)  
(Hey, hey, hey!)  
(Harry, let me see it)  
(Jumping jehosaphat!)  
(Quaggin', quakin' and shakin')  
(And that's no fakin')  
(Let me see the gun, Harry, I want to see if it's been fired)  
(Why are you complaining? I've always given you a piece of the action)  
  
(So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed)  
(And at last he blew the house in)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.

[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to  
look up to, that fell the fuck off.

[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)

[DOVE:] You mean Rhythm and Blues?

[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]

Connection A, click, what?

My dick, chick

I smack a fish if you thinks

My connection ain't thick, dick

Headed like a punk whip

I travel miles with a rhythmic lip

I rock an Afro

In '83, gee, yo

And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow

I play the corner tough

And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]

Givin' high-five is what I want

So I puff a blunt, I don't front

I get spliffed, get a stiff

Then I go hump a stunt

Like a pimp pro

(Nah, man, a super ho)

That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro

Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic

Every hour, every minute, every second

I keep a level head and stay down to earth

'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]

Yeah

Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch

I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab

I've got five beepers, you scab

But you can find me directly on the Ave

(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)

My breath never smells wack

I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac

Before I kiss myself I always jump back

(Yo, gee, this track is stack)

(And you know that)

I do three flips



When a punk flip on my duke lifts  
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep  
On the other side with his main tapes  
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks  
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut  
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out  
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick  
But the Native Tongue's thick  
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should  
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake  
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but  
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian  
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief  
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads  
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal  
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

*[DOVE:]*

I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss  
Because it's tough to bluff a cab  
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'  
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da  
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day  
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half  
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island  
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self  
With the quickness I bust the true slang  
Show no pit to those who don't understand

*[MASE:]*

The Maseo got tailed with the big bail  
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail  
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is  
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)  
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more  
In the closet with my silk, and below  
My 45 pack thick, draw quick  
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit  
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.  
And another crib in Queens  
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head  
My favorite porck chops and  
A plate of collar greens  
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed  
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in  
And the Poppa  
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

*[THE DOO DOO MAN:]*

How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show  
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all  
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep  
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?  
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)  
Who's the Doo Doo Man?  
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

*[MIKE:]*

Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,  
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to  
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

*[KIM CARTER:]*

Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,  
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to  
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh  
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

*[Q-TIP:]*

Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe  
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on  
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

*[MASE:]*

Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed  
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High  
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

*[DE LA SOUL:]*

This this this this is De La Soul, Pos Love  
This is Dove Love  
Mase Love  
And when we're not here we're where?  
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

*[DIVINE STYLER:]*

Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-lne Styler-lne, and all come inside  
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta  
here, ha ha ha!

*[BOBBY SIMMONS:]*

Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo  
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

*[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]*

Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up,  
on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo  
Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.  
(You got the cooties)

*[PAUL:]*

Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or  
boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening  
to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RAH!

*[POPMASTER HIGHT:]*

Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That  
mouli? Freakin' lick him.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

"If you will suck my soul  
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly  
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie  
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly  
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy  
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'  
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon  
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles  
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles  
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races  
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces  
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances  
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances  
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'  
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing  
At the time no one knew but it was a shame  
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'  
On your dokie earrings, someone must be tuggin'  
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'  
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'  
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you  
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?  
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool  
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school  
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey  
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's  
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have  
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad  
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon  
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain  
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom  
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room  
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen  
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'  
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)  
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal  
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him  
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em  
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'  
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him  
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me  
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)  
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon  
I received a call from Misses Sick herself  
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health  
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute  
She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"  
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal  
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol  
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one  
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one  
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates  
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits  
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip  
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip  
You're just mad he's your overseer at school  
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel  
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else  
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses  
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes  
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother  
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother  
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie  
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"  
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'  
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon  
None of the kids could understand what was the cause  
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus  
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to  
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to  
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Who Do U Worship?"

*[RONALD CHEVALIER:]* Aha! What a beautiful day in the concrete jungle.  
I think I'll go down to Goliath and just be a fuckin' dickhead!

Damn, I feel good today.  
I'm looking forward to going and just beating the shit out of someone and taking their money.  
What a fucking great job I have!

I wonder why I feel so good. Could it be the music?  
Could it be my breakfast? Or could it just be the fact that  
I just hate everybody, dammit!  
Life is grand, life is great, I'll get myself a real cheap date.  
Some woman I can take to McDonalds, spend a dollar twenty-five on,  
and have like, the best time of your life with afterwards.  
Life is too good to believe sometimes.  
But we all can't have it the way I do, so to all you suckers out there,  
kiss off. All right? Bye bye!

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Kicked Out The House"

[DOVE:]

In no way are we trying to disrespect any sort of house or club  
music, but we're just glad that we're not doing it. And if we were,  
this is how it would go.

(I can't be your lover)  
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good  
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good  
(I can't be your lover)

(With your wrinkled pussy)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled pussy)  
(I can't be your lover)  
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)  
(I can't be your lover)

(P-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(Put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)  
(P-p-put it on vibrate!)

Kicked out the house, you got  
Kicked out the house, hip house  
Kicked out the house for good

You got, you got, kicked out of this house, baby  
For good

(I can't I can't I can't be your lover)  
(Put it on vibrate!)  
(Put it on vibrate!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Pass The Plugs"

(This time, put it in mellow)  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[POS:]

First P is passed  
I am known as  
Posdnuos, Plug One to the whole race  
Rhyme on a tour  
Smart and much more  
Dispatch I've stood themes with the Mad Face  
Tall dark and lean  
Was once nineteen  
Now I'm one year older with reason  
Clean thoughts and drawers  
Rhyme flow never stalls  
The yes yes yes y'all  
Will end this season  
The Soul reached high plains  
We didn't reach Soul Train  
But Don don't like rap  
So that won't happen  
Fame we don't lust  
God we do trust  
Arsenio dissed us  
But the crowd kept clapping  
Blessed with soul's lights  
So turn off your brights  
Overexposure will bring about a clear soul  
Don't push, but piles,  
For this here new style  
And excuse me y'all while I fill my potholes

Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (oh yeah)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[DOVE:]

Passed off second  
Tru I reckon  
Head full of dreds  
But knowledge inside  
Singin' on records, making it hectic  
Wishing it all would fall and die



Radio works it, public consumes it  
Tommy Boy wants another "Say No," huh  
Rough and rugged  
It's not a new twist  
Been Trugoy since the first get go  
Here's the daisy  
Watching it die, see?  
Native is the new like Balance is the shoe  
Paul makes a mil like dill makes pickles  
Plus is to add like addin to the crew is  
Pimps promote us, RM's work us  
MP's watch us close in focus  
Watch me steppin'  
Now I'm dancing  
Then disappear with a hocus pocus

Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[MASE:]  
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Pos get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Dove get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Mase get funky)  
(Check it out)  
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)  
(Prince Paul get funky) (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

(ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)  
Pass the peas like they used to say  
Pass the peas like they used to say (yeah)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (mmm)  
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[PAUL:]  
Fourth P is passed  
I am known as  
(Prince Paul)  
Yeah thanks Mase  
Applied like chapsticks  
The songs are slapsticks  
Skeezoids with polaroids  
Give me such a case  
Trife or not trife  
Don't own a wife  
Yet I'm down and around for a good kiss  
I got a 40 of Pepsi

A girl in Bed-Stuy  
And I'll end it like this!  
(Will rise, not fall)  
(*[Definition:]* Prince Paul)  
(Our Mentor, don't be sore)  
(When I say that's all)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The Demo"

*[DOVE:]*

Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.  
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and  
waiting for my brother to come over and then  
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I  
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!

I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran  
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.

(Cab driver, fuck you)

I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big  
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees  
again and oh oh! Oh my God!

Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I  
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if  
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was  
facing toward the back. She turned around...  
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!  
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed  
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but  
luckily my answering machine was on and with  
the quickness...

(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)

Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the  
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned  
the water on and she was screaming... who could  
it be? What did she want from me? What did she  
want from me? What did she want from me? She  
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape  
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew  
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.

(Please listen to my demo)

*[Mumbled:]* And wit your wrinkled pussy)

(I can't be your lover)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)"

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference to the music business. Thank you."

[DOVE:]

Hey how ya doin'  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to you  
Hey how are ya doin'  
Sorry ya can't get through  
But leave your name (uh)  
And your number  
And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit  
Fiending at I and I can't stand it  
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo  
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"  
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"  
"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"  
I can't understand what the problem is  
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz  
How'd they get my name and number  
Then I stop to think and wonder  
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town  
You wanna call me up? Take my number down  
It's 222-2222  
I got an answering machine that can talk to you  
It goes

[POS:]

Hey how ya doin'  
Sorry ya can't get through  
But leave your name and your number  
And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style  
Enters the new  
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew  
Or should I say flock cause around every block  
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm  
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves  
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope  
But it's not the mood to hear  
The tales of limousines and pails

Of money they'll make like a pro  
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"  
But at the show the time to spare I just make  
But the songs created in they shacks  
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this  
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,  
"Was it def?"  
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes."  
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul  
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call  
They get

[MASE:]

Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to you  
Hey how are ya doin  
Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
And I'll get back to you  
Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave  
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while  
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles  
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles  
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild  
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center  
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in  
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

[POS:]

Now woe is me to the third degree  
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny  
Jettin'  
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse  
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape  
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker  
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker  
Make way to my radius playin fly guy  
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky  
Me Myself and I go through this act daily  
And rarely do I not  
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me  
No matter what the plot  
And even out on tour they be like,  
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"  
I be like "Oh swell"  
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room  
And tell them to call me at noon  
But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer  
Who I swung on tour  
And if it rings while we're alone  
She'll answer the phone  
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

*[DOVE:]*

"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring  
Now you're waiting on the beep.  
Say, I would love if you'd sing  
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."  
So no problemo, just play the demo  
And at the end it's break out time  
Please oh please don't press rewind  
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
And I'll get back to you

*[POS:]*

Hey how ya doing  
Sorry ya can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name and your number  
And we'll get back to you.. peace

'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank  
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook  
me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the  
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know  
what I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your  
number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me,  
got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook  
me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back  
at 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a  
brother man!'

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "WRMS: Cat's In Control"

If it's not De La Slow, then it's not WRMS. Where Cat's in control,  
twisting and tuning until you're purr-fectly content. Special cat  
call goes out to the suckers at the donut shop. Thanks for serving it  
to me dark, hot, and no caffiene. Snuggle tight and hang loose  
boys, it's time to groove to a De La Slow move on WRMS.

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Shwingalokate"

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

[POS:]

(What's the subject?)

The Shwingalo, hot damn

(Is Posdnuos gonna start?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Shwing on hand)

I present to you the Preacher Man

Peace everyone, everyone I hope

Plate is not a caper, plate is not a hoax

Is it is the now step, labeled Shwingalo

Shopper brag a basket, fill it to the bro

What's the Shwingalokate? Question me instead.

Mental is the mood, whether live or dead

Level is the groove when I lead the led

But hip is my lip when I'm Shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

[DOVE:]

(What's the next step?)

It's the fool of the clan

(Is he down with the Shwing?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Swing on hand)

I present to you, the whole shalam

Last was the gas, flower by the pound

Shoo, puppy tough, shoo, flower power hound

Season of the Shwing is sound and it's bound

90 got the gift so lift from the ground

Speak me an age, age at the dough

Feed me the donut, feed me the O

School me with the new 'cause the new

Kept me fed with the brew

I'm glued to the stew and I'm Shwinging it

Breathe me the out, breathe me the in

Send it with a skit neither friend nor begin

Label it a Shwing, brother come for the win

Catch me the border, must start to begin

90 got the knack of the Soul, grab a bit

90 proved them wrong to those who commit



Dis to the hit list, pitched by the hit  
Caught by the herds of those in the pit  
Pull me a puff of the blunt as it breeds  
This benefit's just what you need  
Just because I'm fallin', saved by the weed  
With dred, 'cause you know indeed I'm shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[POS:]

Constructed like an apple but roll like a grape  
Try with the games 'cause the fools'll take shape  
Stuff to the too tough, grave is in the groove  
Sop it like Sound, yo honey make a move  
Shufflin' your feet, that's stiffer than a nap  
Open up an eardrum, don't wait for the cap  
Sip a third of lager, extract the waste  
Tell me tell me tell me, can you get a case?  
Never oops honey, dope not a threat  
Peace be found on your color telly set  
Pick up the proof for the stool pigeon sing  
Shwing a load o' dat, 'cause I must put Shwing

(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(On and on at two steps ahead)  
(Three steps ahead)  
(Three steps ahead)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Fanatic Of The B Word"

[MIKE G:]

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!  
(Hooo-weeee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the  
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',  
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant  
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

[CHORUS:]

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

[MIKE G:]

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.  
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the  
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

[POS:]

A Nubian sprocket is the one  
Plug One, cut the cap  
Forward is the marcher of the chant,  
To the clan, unless you slept  
Willy to the Wonka of the feat  
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes  
If we get fined by police,  
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes  
Toxic is the talk that I tell,  
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat  
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DOVE:]

Swing is the is of my step  
Plug Two, groove a gut  
On gets by when it's kept  
Three miles to my step  
Forgiveness to the foes is false  
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss  
No cost, no relate  
Brother got a badge of his own  
Because the link of the life is slack  
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

*[CHORUS]*

*[DRES:]*

Move over just a bit to the right of me  
For I cannot see where the booty is  
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window  
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz  
It's as though a pound goes around and around  
So I give a pound then I do the step  
Dres will be with Boca on the side  
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept  
Phonetics and kinetics perservere  
Therefore I kick it  
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket  
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon  
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon  
I'm looking out the window  
Day is filled with rain and gloom  
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon  
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

*[CHORUS]*

(Rrrr-RAH!)

*[POS:]* Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,  
thanks for not having my baby, peace.

*[DRES:]* This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.

*[MISTA LAWNGE:]* Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace  
to my father, Bombed Out Brother.

*[MASE:]* This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to  
that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!

*[PAUL:]* Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up  
to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)

(Have a ball!)

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Keepin The Faith"

[DOVE:]

Jody got a cat but she won't let it out  
Oh tough luck, 'cause it makes Jack pout  
Waiting on the wins he moves to the next  
Searching for the cheese, looking for the text  
In the Big Blue in search of the skins  
Grinning and laughing, laughing and grinning  
Padlock Jody got the whole scene played  
No knockin' boots till she's 14K'd  
Diamond in the back, sunroof top  
Waiting for the credit card so she can go and shop  
Jack plays the back, just knockin' other socks  
'Cause now in the hood he's  
(Johnny the Fox)  
Till one ring came, Jody blew a park  
Found about Jody round the corner in the park  
Flipping like a dipstick, hip to the news  
Practising the range, bellowing the blues  
Jack rolls the carpet in, swift like a skate  
"Yo, Jody, yo, gotta go, got a date"  
Padlock Jody's screaming "Wait, wait, wait!"  
"Don't worry, hon," he replies, "I'm keepin' the faith"

[POS:]

I'll never do the baseball with you again  
Yo, I'll never do the baseball with you  
'Cause your hoochie-coo was so smooth  
Was it such a sin to let, let me in?  
Hooked by your ever-so-shyness  
Want that bush, heard you're from Flatbush  
Ran after ya, caught ya,  
Brought ya to Long Island, stylin' for a while  
In my hut, I was on a cut for a peck  
A silly Greg Peck  
You tried to play me new, Plug One you disconnect  
I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)  
Yo, I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)  
Is it 'cause you want my financial flaunt?  
First you gotta please me, nice and easy  
But I guess you want that in reverse,  
So I stand Plug First can see  
We got a serious block  
Turn the other way, ooh what do I spot?  
A hoopin' Hey Love whose scent left a trace  
Had a stash in her pocket with a body that's safe  
Ball to the eight, now you wanna swing?  
Forget the rap, yo, Black Sheep, sing

(You're banned, you're banned)  
(You're banned, honey dip, you're banned)  
(You're banned)  
Yo, you're banned  
Ya banned by the preacher man  
You played yourself a stew  
Now to me you step, never mind love  
The faith is being kept

*[DOVE:]*

Now remember 'bout Padlock Jody, here's the fact  
Jack little wick but she was acting wack  
Jack wanna lay but laying ain't exact  
For the past four or five she was banned by the pack  
Hip to the witness, putting on a plan  
No money, no more Puddy Tat for the man  
Jack knows that honey means playing a game,  
Only wanna bowl, got nabbed for the fame  
Claude Van Damme (God damn)  
Sam was the man that you planned to command  
Nothing new about a neighborhood  
You know what? Padlock Jody wanna cut  
Jack's thinking cap, make mine into a pack  
"Yo, here's 20, 40, 60, pay me back"  
Conscience appears, "Yo Jack, what you doing?"  
"You play the cold while honey here's cooling?"  
"You don't have to if you don't want to!"  
"You don't have to if you don't want... to!"  
So he begins with the ring, ring, ring,  
"Hey Judy girl, how ya doin'  
Seen you with another man, what you doing? Screwing?  
Ooh, shame on you! What, you can't wait  
For the big bait? Well, I'mma tell you straight,  
Honey child, I'm keepin' the faith!"